

Exodus [Thrash Metal], 44 Magnum opus

Can't withhold my anger won't control my rage
My bloodlust will be sated
I'm locked and loaded ready to engage
Kill everything I've always hated
A motherfucking Van Gogh with a gun
About to paint his masterpiece
Blow the world into oblivion
Paint with the blood of the deceased
Fire away
Put your body on display
Build myself a tower of decay.
A symphony
Written in human debris
Art and murder true synonymy
No appeal, no "I got a raw deal", I don't give a fuck
One thing is clear I've got a deaf ear
You better shut your mouth and duck
When I get a taste of laying everyone to waste
My hunger won't subside
I won't ever stop till the last body drops
Let the bullet be my guide
The virtue of vice
In my bloody paradise
A portrait of gore
My .44
Magnum
My .44 magnum opus
Bodies are the canvas, ammo the cision
For my greatest work of art
I'm waging my own inquisition
Tearing everything apart
I'm building a monument to horror
A temple to divine
Remembrance to those I've massacred
Death the grand design
The virtue of vice
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People will stare in disbelief and awe
When they see what I've created
Still life, no life beatiful and raw
The world will be captivated
Never have they seen something so ambitious
Like nothing done before
A work so terrible and vicious
A masterpiece of gore
Fire away
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